

## The 8th Day: Mourning

Solitude Aeternus

Draw the curtains  
It's time to sleep  
Everything is not as it seems  
Silent hands of winter winds  
Are drawing near  
Fold the tension slowly  
Wait beneath the tear

The tarnished gold  
Through the window pain  
Lies dead upon the floor  
While unseen eyes  
Crouch low behind  
The walls so thin  
The pious curse the holy  
So evening curse the day

And on the 8Th day  
I should have known its name  
Years consume the hours  
Turning black to gray

Light the fire  
My dreamer's son  
You are the only one  
To walk alone  
In this desperate maze  
Whose price has just begun

Drowning lies  
In bottles of time  
Shipwrecked for no one to see  
Reaching as far  
To other worlds  
Besieged by numbered days  
Besieged by numbered days